Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and reſcues Richard, and then exeunt omnes.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter Henry ſolus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes.
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This wofull battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to day,
May be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to finde them if I can.
But ſtay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight.
From London was I preſt out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another ſoldiour with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſt.
But ſtay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

Oh

Oh monſtrous times, begetting
How cruell, bloudy, and ironous
This deadly quarrell daily doth
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee
And hath bereau'd thee of thy li
King. Woe aboue woe, griefe
Whil'ſt Lyons warre and battail
Poore Lambes do feele the rige
The red Roſe and the white are
The fatall colours of our ſtriuin
Wither one Roſe, and let the ot
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand li
1. *Soul.* How will my mother
Take on with me, and nere be ſa
2. *Soul.* How will my wife for
Take on with me and nere be ſa
King. How will the people n
Oh would my death their mind
1. *Soul.* Was euer ſonne ſo ruo
2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vn
King. Was euer King thus gr
1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence fi
For woe is me to ſee my father

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence,
For I haue murdered where I ſh

King. Weepe wretched man,
Here ſits a King, as woe begon

Alarmes, and en

Queene. Away my Lord, to
The day is loſt, our friends are
No helpe is left for vs, therefor

Enter Prin

Prince. Oh father flie, our m